It issues from ye rancour of a villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traytor
Which in my selfe I boldly will defend
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Upon thy overweening Traitors foot,
To prove myself a loyall Gentleman
Even in the best blood chambered in his bosome
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our tryall day.

King: Wrath kindled Gentlemen be not so bent
Lets purge this choller without letting blood
This we prescribe, though no Physitian
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision
Forget forgive, conclude, and be agreed
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun
We'il calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your son.

Gaunt: To be a make peace shall become my age,
Throw downe (my Sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King: And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When Harry when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I should not bid agen.

King. Norfolke throwe downe, we bid; there is no boote

Now: Myselfe I throw (dread Soveraigne) at thy foot
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duty owes, but my faire name,
Despight of death that lives upon my grace
To dashe dishonour use, thou shalt not have

(End of 8.th page)

I am disgraced, impeached & baffled here,
Pierced to the Soule with slanders venomd spear
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.

King.